## DELICATE WOMEN BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use. "My wife, who was bedridden for eighten months, after ming Bradfold's Female Regulator for two months is getting well."

Bransisto Production for Allanta, Ga.

Bransisto Production Co. Atlanta, Ga.

Bold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

### LAND BARONS OUT WEST. Candlerds Who Are Rockless, Free

Handed and Good Livers. The divine injunction "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" has civilized tribes. Here are a people who, like the lilies of the fields, not; neither do they spin." furnishing the. an example of class favoritism under I home place. They are, as a class, free-handed, reckless, good livers and with a strong tendency to dissipation. Most of them live up to their incomes and few acquire large bank accounts.

Your typical landlord's home is the rambling white-plantation great house of ante-bellum days, with wide galleries, big chimneys and usually in a bad state of repair. An air of untidiness and neglect pervades the yard, to which is added a lack of taste inside when you enter. Still there is something about the surroundings-the orchard, smoke house, negroes, pigs and poultry which denotes solid old-fashmed comfort and Arcadian content. Frequently you meet the lord of one of these mansions a squaw man-whose family claim no Indian blood, yet he enjoys, by virtue of a former matriof an Indian. It is really surprising the number of this class that are divorced from Indian wives or have become widowers and remarried in their own race. They constitute the largest landholders and are very jealous of their tribal rights when threatened by boomers," as they term the opponents of land monopoly and unequal privi-

And what of the Indian, the fullblood, whom this great and munificent government of ours has in its wisdom regarded as a ward and heir to a princely heritage as a recompense for Anglo-Saxon rapine? You will find him where the stillness of the forest is as yet unbroken. He is there in his miserable little hut, a recluse from the great mad world he so distrusts and fears, living a poor hand-to-mouth existence, and rarely emerging to visit the haunts of his tormentors. A scanty patch of corn, a few poultry and mastfed hogs, with what game and fish fall prey to his skill, go to supply his meager larder and furnish employment for his squaw and himself. Once in a great while there is a per capita payment, and a pittance falls to his share after the professional redmen of the tribe have made the disbursement to their satisfaction and paid their "attorney's fees." It is a rare thing to find B full-blood in the Indian territory who I'VE STOOD IN THAT MISTERIOUS CAVE is living comfortably on as much as a quarter section of land under cultiva- lightly against the schooner. Our pas the altar. She took a blazing splinter striking exceptions.

### HE WAS IN A HURRY,

doly Four Days to Spend Abroad and All Europe to See. "Speaking of being in a hurry," said

s traveler to a New York Sun man. 'reminds me of a man I once saw in the tower of London, one of a little party that was being piloted through by a beefeater. He kept all the time just ahead of the pilot and seemed anxious to go faster and get through. Everybody else wanted to see everything, but this man would have liked to skip some of these things; still he couldn't say anything, for the pilot made good time right along until he came to the figure of a big man on a big horse, both in heavy armor and the man holding a great spear, a most impressive figure, representing I forget now who, but somebody famous in history, and the beefeater talked a little longer than usual. Here the man who was in a hurry broke in. 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'that's all right, but we can't stand here all day looking at that, you know,' and he moved ahead a little and waited, all ready to go on. We all hoped that the beefeater would pay no attention to him; we need have had no fear on that score, for he paid absolutely no attention whatever to him. An hour or two later we stood at the gate and bade the beefeater good-by. The impatient man and I walked sway together. He wasn't the worst man in the world by any means. He was from Boston. He said he was a busy man and had very little time to speare; he was going back in the steamer he came over in, and, as be had only four days to do Europe in, he really felt as though he ought not to spend half a day in the tower."

### IN TIMES OF PEACE.

Even little Belgium spends every year 40,000,000 francs on her army. THE annual cost of the British army Is £17,000,000; of the navy, £14,000,000. THE peace footing of the Russian army calls for the service of 170,000

Austria spends every year 15,000,000 florins on the army. Twelve florins

equal \$5. THE army of Bolivia costs the people of that impoverished country \$1,800,-

000 a year. Tue annual army expenditure Greece is 18,000,000 drachmi.

drachma is about 20 cents.

ITALY spends every year 14,000,000 lire on her army and navy. Twenty-

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Casteria

TO PLEASE THE GODS.

How a Beautiful Young Girl Was Recently Mutilated.

Vivid Description of the Sacrifice-Savage Tribe Which Longs for Casrifice-A Weird Scene.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

There are people who will tell you seriously that each year a child is sacificed to the gods of the Caribs, whose homes are beneath the palms that wave over the sunny shores of the Caribbean sea, that Mediterranean of the western world. Mrs. Alice le Plongeon tells in graphic words the story of such a cannibalistic sacrifice, seen by her on the wild shore of Yucatan. Similar tales have come to me at times, during the years of my acquaintance with the coasts of Central America. But grave old Caribs tell me that they no longer kill human beings for religious feasts; and there was mournful sadness in their tones when they talked of rigorno relevancy to the citizens of the five ous laws, made by the white usurper of American rights, to put an end to the eating of people captured in bat-

I was, because of these rumors and the law peculiar and interesting to hints, only too glad to accept an instudy, says Harper's. The landlords vitation that seemed to offer oppor-have no care but the gathering of tunity to learn for myself just how rents and a general supervision of the much truth might lie behind these

> We sailed at dusk from La Caribe from the mouth of that river where Columbus made his second landing on the continent of America, and where the English planted colonies three different times and were each time compelled to withdraw their garrisons and their colonists.

Our ship was hewn from a single log of Spanish cedar. She was simply a and in every sunny valley of Honduras. cance about forty feet long and eight The second woman held at her feet a

It was midnight when our little craft rounded the end of the coral reef that blade spreading with jagged edge to a guards the snug harbor of Utilla. She flew along under the lee of that wall handle wound with thread and thickly until the sea breeze was cut off by a coated with some gum or varnish that wooded point of land. Soon after, the was hard and black and shining. The kedge was carefully lowered into the water, and the rope that was to serve as monial alliance, all the landed rights he rriding cable ransilently out through the chock in her bow.

Not a soul ashore seemed to know of our coming. Not a light glimmered; not a voice was heard. We made not noise enough to awake even a village

Out from the shadows by the shore came three canoes. As quietly as ghosts they glided toward us over the still waters. A dozen hands grasped their wales as they ranged alongside and kept them from touching even



longings into the cances and followed the baskets. There was not even a whispered word, not an audible stroke of the paddle. I could not hear as much as the lap of a ripple against a bow as we made our way to shore, where the canoes slid up on the mud under the shadows of the mangroves.

Bolli and I were last to step ashore. Not a soul was in sight as he led the way between the houses, then through a banana patch and on into a dense thicket which marked the spot where a plantation had once been, at the very foot of a high hill, and had been aban-

My guide crept beneath a leafy, tangled vine, and croucked along between the curtain it made and the rocky face of the cliff. I followed the faint light reflected from his white shirt. A minute later we trod a smooth, hard path, where I could see no ray of light. We stood in that mysterious cave, of

which every dweller on the island of Utilla can tell weird tales.

My guide picked up a few splinters of pine, lit them at the burning torch, then led the way along a crooked cleft that had been widened here and there by the chisel. He was stopped by a blanket which curtained the passage. He touched this lightly, and the edge of the curtain was drawn aside a little by a hand from the farther side. There were a few whispered words, and after waiting a moment we passed the cur-

Dusky forms of Carib men and women squatted on their heels in orderly rows that reached around the room. At one side was a man who held before him a carimba, a bow some six feet in length that had for its bowstring a brass wire, which was drawn in toward the bow by a loop of finer wire that passed around both bowstring and bow a third of their length from their lower end. This loop of fine wire went through the bottom of a small jicaro, a deep cup that was the woody shell of a calabash, and firmly bound it against the back of the bow. One of the carimba rested on a big calabash bowl, turned open side down on the rocky floor to give depth and volume to the notes of the instrument.

The performer held in one hand a little wand made of the dense, hard shell of the palm royal. He struck the wire with his baton and a clear, sharp note rang out. A bamboo flute joine with a drolling wail, and the drum, of the skin of a peccary stretched across the end of a section of hollow log rolled out volumes of sound that filled

the cave with thunderings. A strangely carved statue of soft gray stone squatted on a table in the middle of the room, its hands clasped about what seemed to be a bowl resting on the knees of the image. Around its head was a band that formed a curious head dress. On cheeks and brow were marks of red and green and than voodgo mummery, and that no black paint-symbolic colors of the real harm would come to her-other-Mayas, who once filled Central America with cities, temples and other mon-

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palpura adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has tenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its moke gave a strange fragance which

filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old, as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the



a necklace of the teeth of alligators, little bones from the feet of animals. claws of the sloth, the tiger or the mountain lion, or other things believed to possess occult value.

One of the hags held pressed to he bosom a little brown dove, of the kind that softly coos on every pine chad hill young kid. The sixth sukia held in her hand a knife of obsidian, its short broad base that was set in a wooden seventh and last of the priestesses, at the other corner of the flat stone, grasped by its neck a tamagas, a ser pent well-nigh as deadly as a rattle-

A nude girl of ten years stood at the side of the altar, opposite the chief priest. Her head was wreathed with fragrant jasmine, and her shoulders were covered with the purple blossoms of the madre-de-cacao. The mother of the girl squatted behind the child, her head bowed on her knees and covered by a shawl. The chief priest chanted a few words,

with a voice cracked by many years. The man at his right responded. He at the chief priest's left hand replied. The old woman first at the right of the altar took up the refrain; her sister at the left followed, and so the weird chant passed from left to right and back again, until the last sukia had droned her part. Then each man in the first circle of worshipers chanted in his turn, and was followed by each woman in the next row; and so on until all had sung with voices that

Then the mother of the victim broke into a low and mournful wail, and all the women joined. When that was done and silence fell she gently pushed her child forward, and with head wrapped in her shawl threw herself face down, flat on the floor, in the abandon of grief. The girl leaned against the edge of

rose and fell in simple and dismal ca-



SHE LIT THE PIRE WITH HER OWN HAND.

from the torch on the knees of the stone god, and with it touched a handful of dry fibers of the banana stalk, half hidden under splinters of pitch she." pine. The new fire instantly flared up, and illumined the face of the victim. She was Raimunda, prettiest and sweetest tempered of all the gentle little Carib maids I have known. As the flame rose and lighted her sweet, brown face, a murmur of congratulation ran around the room. The child smiled proudly as she raised her eyes

to mine The wisened priest opposite the child bent slowly forward, touched her between the eyes with his finger, then withdrew his hand, his black eyes steadfastly fixed on hers, upheld to meet that fascinating gaze. They stood intently staring at each other for full five minutes it seemed an hour-while the bamboo pipes softly droned and a faint rumbling came from the drum. The worshipers were breathlessly

silent. At a sign from the priest the little maid lifted both her hands and extended them over the altar, her gaze still fixed on the glittering eyes of the sukia. Each of the old priests at the corners of the slab of stone seized one of her wrists and pulled her gently forward until her bosom was almost over

the fire her own hands had kindled on the sacrificial stone. The sukia who stood before the girl suddenly caught the stone knife from the hand of the woman who held it and leaned toward my little friend. I had believed that the rites were no more wise that crowd, many of them personally well known by me, would not have aments of a civilization that the ruth- dared to let me be a witness of their conscience.

made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony coun-

deeds, but now I yelled at that grisly old devil to stay his hand. But before I could struggle through the nearest of the packed ranks of worshipers, that jagged, glassy edge swept twice across that tender breast Raimunda gave no sign of having felt the blade of the most desirable articles in the slash her flesh. She seemed to be in a

The high priest caught a few drops of her blood in his hand and shook them into the stone bowl on the knees of his god, then sprinkled a few drops on the fire. A gasping cry filled the cave as the child was caught in her

That cry came from the frightened kid, as its throat was cut by a single sweep of that blade of glass. Its blood fell into the bowl before the idol, its heart quickly followed, and its flesh was at once cut into minute bits and distributed, a piece to each worshiper. It was at once devoured.

Then the music broke out wildly, The big drum thundered, the bowstring twanged, the bamboo fluted merrily. Every man in the room sprang to his feet, and circled around the altar in a slow dance.

There was a brief panse. Then the heavy sound of the drum rolled again through the cave, and the women joined the dance. Around and around they circled, and the music and the dance grew faster and wilder. A dancer threw aside his shirt, baring his body, and one by one the others followed his example. One after an other every garment was discarded, until the light of the sacred fire fell upon a leaping mass of half crazed humanity. As naked as the face of a cloudless sky, they danced in a frenzy of religious excitement.

I do not know how long they kept this up. One after another dropped exhausted, streaming with perspiration. After a time the ancient who had led the orgies gave an order in low tones, and the dancers arose, clothed themselves and slipped away. When all had left the cave, except

the priest and the half dozen assistant sukias, the brands which still burned on the altar were laid on the edge of a bench, and new torches were lighted.

They moved the slab that was their altar and lowered their god of stone into the pit beneath, then laid the four stone posts beside it. The remains of the kid were put in the bowl on the knees of the image and the obsidian knife was laid on them. One edge of the covering slab was lowered to its place and the serpent which the old woman had held during all those hours was thrown into the pit. The dove which the other woman held was thrust beneath the slab to flutter blindly a moment before the stone was lowered to its place to shut out the last ray of light that poor bird would ever see; for it was alive, to lengthen the days of the reptile that was left to guard with poisoned fang the resting place of the graven idel of Caribs.

Dust and the ashes of the fires were gathered, and all the seams that might betray the hiding place were filled. concealing every joint. The blankets that curtained the entrances were removed and the priests and I filed out

A little brown maiden strolled toward my favorite lounging place under the palms of La Caribe a few days after our return from Utilla. "Come here, Raimunda; I want you," said I.

"Raimunda is dead," she gravely replied as she came to me. "Oh, dead, is she?"

"You know that she is dead, senor, the answered, reproachfully. "Tama- | Me., is ninety-nine years old and is yet raca ate her. You saw it yourself." "Ah, yes, so I did. Then who are you, now, my pretty little one?"

"I am Dolores, and I am daughter of Tamaraca. See, look at his cross," and she pulled from her breast the dressing of leaves and exposed the two crossing wounds made by the knife of obsidian in the hands of the priest. The dressing had kept the wound inflamed, that the scars might be large and distinct. The child was manifestly very proud of those scars, the cross that she would always bear in evidence that she was an accepted sukis, a sacred daughter of the gods. As her mother came near I said to her: "This girl of yours tells me that Rai-

"So it is. My little one is eaten by the god. She was taken by Tamaraca. You saw it yourself, senor," and she

smiled, proudly.
"Whose girl is this, then?" "She is daughter of Tamaraca," answered the mother. "She is a great sukia. Not one will be greater than

"I see. But she lives in your house, and you care for her as if she were your Raimunda?"

"Does not every one so?" the mother replied, a little impatiently. "Is not every Carib house her home! Is not every Carib proud to serve Dolores, the daughter of the great god! Does she not bear forever the sacred cross of the god of the Caribs!"

D. ERNESTO VERAS.

Rather Awkwardly Put. Lady-I wish a piece of toilet soap. Boy-Scented?

Lady-Well, I don't know. The last I got here was so scented that the whole room smelled as if I was continually washing myself. Boy-Well, ma'am, here's some un-

scented, that will make the room smell as if you never washed yourself.-Good

FIGS AND THISTLES. THE next door neighbor to pride is

shame. Lor's wife was what might be called a well-preserved woman. Ir some of our heads were not so big

our hearts would grow faster. A ROSE measured by its fragrance makes a cabbage head look little. WHEN people are hired to be good they will stop as soon as the pay stops. WHEN you want a friend don't choose

a man whose children are afraid of

Some people who are overly sensitive in feeling are underly senditive in

Lois Fuller, of serpentine dance notoriety, wears one jewel-an iron ring on her left hand for the rheumatism that once laid hold of her right leg.

turning the hour-glass which in those days was placed upon the ledge before him as a reminder to be merciful, "we will have another glass together." W. L. Boyen, jeweler, Chambersburgh, Pa., has in his employ a workman who has produced a watch that

marks the hours backward. The figure I means XI; II means X, and carrying the figures out, it is a great thing for a sparking party. The young gentleman, ready to be kicked out, triumphantly shows his watch and stavs until seven o'clock in the morning.

in circumference. It was a brilliant idea to utilize his superfluous osseous matter, in the form of jewelry. Manufacturing jewelers seeking suggestions may take advantage of this one.

### MEN OF LETTERS.

80,000 poets in England. No wonder there is such general discontent.

is nothing if not versatile and untir-JOHN RUSKIN is not likely to resum

converse only on subjects which do not agitate his mind. MAX MULLER acknowledges the debt of gratitude which students owe to the king of Siam, the "greatest if not the only monarch professing the Buddhist faith," for supplying funds for con-

### books of the cost. THE WORLD'S ODD PLACES.

Ax island in Casco bay is inhabited only by a pack of ravenous dogs which have almost degenerated into woives. Excavarious in the pyramid fields of Egypt shows that the game of chess was known to the Egyptians three thousand, three hundred years B. C.

CHILDREN in the Isle of Man study spelling by singing the component letters of a word in concert to a monot nous chant of two notes.

GIRAFFES have become very scarce since the dervishes seized the basin of the upper Nile. They were once to be bought for seven hundred dollars each; now a good giraffe would fetch over five thousand dollars. The Jardine d'Acclimatation at Paris recently refused to sell three very young ones for ten thousand dollars.

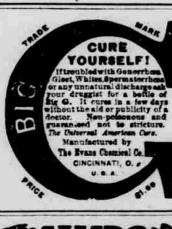
### PERSONAL MENTION.

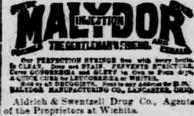
ters are likely to inherit at least thirty-five million dellars each. Mass., is the youngest grandmother so far reported. She is only thirty-two.

MRS. LUCINDA ESTES, of Rockland, able to take a tramp of several miles a day and likes it.

Mrs. ANNA E. BROWN, whose will was probated in Quiney, allL, recently, left one thousand dollars each to her father and three other near relatives and three hundred and thirty thousand public charities.







DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S OBIENT BEAUTIFIER.



### JEWELRY NOVELTIES.

THERE are numbers of flower-shaped watches in enamel, such as the pansy, daisy and open rose.

market. It is of gold with sunken

"AND now," said the old preacher,

ARTHUR H. PINCAIRN, of Philadelphia. Pa., has a pair of gold backed cuff bustons, fashioned from pieces of his own skull. His cranium was trephined four times, the last operation yielding a piece of bone four and a half inches

Sin Edwin Annold says there are GLADSTONE is to publish a translaion of Horace. The grand old man

his literary labors. Although in good health Mr. Ruskin is entirely unequal to any mental effort, and is allowed to

tinuing the translation of the great

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S two daugh-MRS. HATTIE GOTHRIE, of Lowell,







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